

## fairies wear boots

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## fairies wear boots

by [salazarsslytherin](#)

### Summary

*Billy's not a fucking fairy. He's not like that; never has been, never will be, no matter what his shithole father thinks. He isn't queer, he likes chicks, and it's probably because Eddie has that long hair and fucking eyeliner that Billy can't get him out of his head.*

### Notes

why yes i have found my rarest pair yet, pls see terms and conditions below:

- 1) there is a lot of homophobia and homophobic language in this fic so if that's upsetting for you, please don't read this.
- 2) billy is billy so there's a lot of threatening behaviour but i'm not marking this as dub-con or anything because it really isn't at all, it's just that billy's...billy.
- 3) in my head this takes place when they're both in senior year at the same time
- 4) i am aware that eddie has his bandana in his left pocket but i don't believe the show-runners know what that means and also, that boy is a fuckin sub and nobody will ever change my mind on this.
- 5) title is by black sabbath

Billy's not a fucking fairy. He's not like that; never has been, never will be, no matter what his shithole father thinks. He isn't *queer*, he likes chicks, and it's probably because Eddie has that long hair and fucking eyeliner that Billy can't get him out of his head.

Munson doesn't know what's good for him. Town like this, look like that; it's his own fault everyone calls him a freak. He even wears chipped black nail polish and don't even get Billy *started* on the idiotic way he waves his hands around and cocks his gay-ass fucking hip. Billy wants to drag him back to Neil, shove him in front of him and say *Look. This is what a fucking queer looks like, alright?*

He likes decent music, though. Billy stole a Megadeth album from his place once when he was buying weed and it's still in his car now. He's got a Scorpions patch on his jacket, too, and Billy's heard Metallica and Black Sabbath pounding from his shit-heap van in the school parking lot.

There's a Judas Priest cassette on the counter where Billy's waiting for Eddie to find his shit and Billy's tempted to take that, too, even though he already has it, just because he can. He could. He could take it in front of Munson's eyes, in fact, and he doesn't think Eddie would say a fucking word.

It amuses him and Billy's fingers dance over the plastic case while Eddie clatters about, muttering to himself.

"You better not be fucking me around, Munson," he warns.

"I'm not," Eddie says, finally surfacing. His hair's wilder than ever, falling over his face, and he returns to Billy clutching a metal box. "It's here."

"Took you long enough. How much you got?"

"How much do you want?" Eddie replies. He flips the lid open, exposing the neat bags packed inside, the extra tins underneath with the harder shit that Billy doesn't fuck with; he's not stupid.

Billy shrugs. "Ounce or two."

Eddie nods and starts sorting through, plucking a baggie from the pile of them, and as he does so his sleeve lifts a little to reveal black ink underneath. Billy reaches out without thinking. He seizes Eddie's wrist, turning his arm to look, a thrill going through him at the way Munson freezes and then *lets him*.

"Nice ink," Billy drawls. He uses his other hand to push the sleeve up higher. Eddie's got a few pieces dotted around, all in black, and he likes the look of them. Munson's a nerdy little fucker but somehow it suits him.

"Uh...thanks?" Eddie replies. He tries twisting his wrist but Billy doesn't let go.

"Where'd you get 'em?"

"This little place in Indy." Eddie blinks at him, his dumb fucking eyes wide as a kid's. "I don't remember what it was called."

Billy keeps hold of his wrist for a few seconds longer, just because he can. Eddie doesn't so much as try and pull away, just stands there watching Billy warily, tense but docile. His fingers are adorned with rings, thick silver ones that would hurt if he ever threw a punch but Billy knows that he'd never dare.

He smirks. Eddie stares.

Billy shoves him away without warning, letting go of his wrist, and Eddie staggers before he regains himself. He still doesn't protest.

"You want the grass or what?" he asks instead.

"Yeah," Billy says bluntly, "I want it. How much?"

"Sixty."

Billy snorts. "For sixty bucks, I'd expect a *lot* more than two ounces of weed, Munson." He doesn't know why he says it. It's not like he's *thinking* of Munson like that, it just comes out of him. Probably because of the fucking eyeliner and all the rings on his girly fucking hands and the dumb schoolgirl blush on his face. It's pathetic. And Billy's not a fag but he'd bet his Camaro that Eddie'd get down on his knees if Billy told him to and fuck if the thought doesn't get Billy hard.

"I've got another—"

"Save it," Billy interrupts. He needs to get the fuck out of here, this place is messing with his head. He digs a few crumpled notes from his pocket and tosses them between them carelessly enough that they drift off the grimy counter.

Eddie tries to catch them but one flutters out of reach and he has to drop down to grab it. The image pulses through Billy with a wave of heat and he grinds his teeth together, suddenly furious. He lifts one boot and kicks it into Eddie's shoulder, not hard but enough to knock him back on his ass.

"That enough?" Billy asks, stepping closer so he can stare down at him. He's still hard but he tells himself it's fine; Eddie could be anyone like this, any chick down on the floor gazing up at him with kohl-rimmed eyes, and Billy's always gotten off on a good fight. It doesn't mean shit.

Billy sticks a cigarette in his mouth and lights it as Eddie scoops up the last note, clutching them together in both hands. He doesn't even try to get up. He nods.

"Correct answer," Billy smirks. He flicks the end of his cigarette so ash drifts down over Eddie's legs before stepping over him and leaving him there. He bangs the door shut behind him on his way out, amping up the stereo as he screeches out of the trailer park. His cock's aching, trapped in his jeans, and he's taking mental inventory of booty calls he could drive to but he won't get there quick enough.

He pulls over, tires skidding, and kicks his seat back before yanking his jeans open and sticking his hand in. Billy tips his head back, the same cigarette he'd lit over Eddie still clamped between his teeth. It's 'cause he was down on the floor, that's all. Blowjob height. Billy likes head, it's no surprise that his dick's interested in a mouth hanging around down there no matter who it belongs to. Doesn't fucking matter. Head's head. It's not faggy to like blowjobs and half the girls in this town are frigid about that shit. Munson's a well-known freak and fairies love dick, he'd probably be gagging for the chance to suck Billy's cock and *that's* what Billy's thinking of, not Eddie, when

he comes all over himself.

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The next time Billy sees him it's not at the trailer park to score weed, but unexpectedly at The Hideout. When he pulls up outside and steps out of his car, he thinks at first that they've got hold of an actually decent sound system because whatever's on inside is loud as fuck. It's not a record Billy recognises but it sounds pretty decent and he knocks his car door shut with his foot, nodding at the bouncer as he walks inside. He doesn't even need to flash his fake ID any more; people around here know him.

The place isn't crowded but there are a few people dotted around, a couple of drunk guys headbanging in front of what Billy realizes, with a start, isn't a record on a speaker but a live band. Is, in fact, Eddie fucking Munson stood on two tables pushed together, shredding on an electric guitar.

He's actually good, which irritates Billy for reasons he can't fathom. His rings catch the light as his hands blur over the fretboard and sweat glistens on his throat as he throws his head back.

Billy narrows his eyes as he watches, feeling his temper rise. He doesn't know why it fucks him off. It just *does*. Eddie's a freak, the laughing stock of the entire school, a nerdy little fag that people literally only ever talk to because they want to score drugs. He has no business looking like *that* up there.

Billy drags his attention away and goes to order a beer, planting himself at the bar so he won't be tempted to get any closer to the band.

"Didn't realize this was a queer bar," he says to the barman as he slaps cash down.

"Who're you calling queer?" the guy demands, not taking Billy's cash.

Billy snorts and jerks his head in Eddie's direction.

"*Him?*" the barman says, returning the snort. He takes the cash and retrieves a bottle for Billy, popping the top off before he slides it over. "He's just a metalhead. They've all got hair like that, these days."

No, Billy's a metalhead. He knows plenty of metalheads. Eddie's as queer as they come, it's written all over him. Billy can see it as if it's shining off him in neon fucking lights but the barman's lost interest, moving off to serve someone else, and Billy kicks his stool around to watch the band from his spot at the bar.

It turns out Eddie sings, too. Not bad at it, either. He flings his hair around and hangs off the mic stand like a drunk bitch off her date at prom and if Billy could just *hear* him and not see him he doesn't think he'd mind so much. His voice and the guitar is fine, the music's good actually, but something about Eddie's...*everything* just sets his teeth on edge.

Billy makes it through two beers before he heads out, but he doesn't leave. The barman told him the set ends at eleven and Billy's loitering by the back door at eleven-fifteen, smoking his way through his pack of cigarettes as the band staggers out, laughing with each other.

The thing is, they're all nerds. Billy's seen them around at school, most of them are in his year. They're into knights and elves and shit like that, some fantasy cult. They keep to themselves at lunch, mind their own business and don't fight back even when people start shit with them. Eddie gets into arguments but rarely fights. Billy doesn't actually have a problem with the rest of them. He'd knock any of them down a peg or two if they ever tried to square up to him but he doesn't *want* to punch them the way he wants to punch Eddie. The way that makes his hands curl up into fists before he can help himself, makes his entire body tense up.

"Munson," he says loudly, stubbing his cigarette out on the wall behind him and lazily pushing himself upright.

Eddie stops laughing with his friends and turns, frowning when he spots Billy. "Hargrove?" he asks, squinting beyond the light from the open door.

"Who the fuck else?" Billy retorts, rolling his eyes. "I need some shit." He doesn't; he's still got more than an ounce of what he bought before. He doesn't even know why he waited around, he doesn't remember deciding to. He just did.

"Oh," Eddie says. "Sure. I came with Gareth, so if you wanna follow—"

"Too slow," Billy interrupts. He jerks his thumb over his shoulder to where the Camaro is parked beneath a flickering street lamp. "Get in."

"My guitar..."

"Can either go in the trunk or go with your little pal," Billy says simply. He slides another cigarette from his pack and flicks the lighter beneath it while he watches them.

"My baby is *not* going in the trunk," Eddie protests.

"So," Billy says, wandering closer, pleased to see he's taller than the lot of them, though Eddie's only a hair's breadth shorter. "Pal it is. Let's not hang around, shall we? I've got places to be."

"Uh...Eddie...I really think you should come back with us," one of his band-mates pipes up, eyeing Billy nervously.

"Yeah, man, all your stuff's at mine..."

Billy sidles closer to Eddie, stares him down. He inhales deeply and lowers the cigarette from his lips, tipping his head back to breathe smoke into Eddie's face. Eddie doesn't move.

"Tell them it's fine, Munson," Billy says.

Eddie's bottom lip goes between his teeth and Billy clenches his jaw. He wants to *bite*, suddenly.

"It's fine, guys," Eddie says after a beat. "Let me go get him his shit. I'll call you later, alright?"

He hands off his guitar before following Billy over to the Camaro, ducking into the passenger seat and settling awkwardly.

Billy gets in in silence, reclining behind the wheel and spinning the dial on the radio to its max before he peels out of the bar's parking lot with a screech of rubber and a shocked gasp from Eddie.

Billy smirks as Eddie fumbles for his seat-belt, clipping in. He presses his foot harder into the gas, urging the car above eighty, then ninety as they rocket toward the town's outer limits. Billy's seen

Eddie drive before so he knows he's not exactly a stickler for the rules and it makes him all the more satisfied when he glances over and sees the way Eddie's knuckles are white on the door handle.

"You scared, Munson?" Billy calls over the music.

"No," Eddie grits out.

Wrong answer. Billy ducks his head down like a bull, grinding the pedal into the metal below, taking a bend with another screech of rubber as the engine roars, louder and louder. They push past one hundred, one-ten, and Billy cackles as Eddie pushes himself back in his seat. One-twenty.

"Hargrove!" Eddie yells. "You're going to kill us!"

"What's that? You scared, Munson?"

"YES! I don't want to die in your fucking car!"

"Huh?" Billy pushes even harder, one-thirty. The car's vibrating madly beneath his palms, feels like it might shake apart, but Billy's alight with the thrill of it, the rush of wind and blood and Eddie's panic.

"I'm *scared*, Billy!" Eddie shouts. He has to practically scream to be heard, voice cracking after hours of performing, and Billy revels in it. He still doesn't slow down, not until Eddie actually reaches out and grabs his arm.

Billy slams the brakes on so hard the car skids wildly, turning in the road until they're facing the wrong way and Eddie's bracing his arms against the dash so he won't break his nose on it.

Billy glares at him, breathing hard. "Don't fucking touch me, Munson," he says lowly.

Eddie pushes himself upright, shaking his head over and over, and unclips his seatbelt with hands that Billy's pleased to see shaking.

The car door creaks as Eddie throws it open and tumbles out, slamming it shut. He starts down the road and Billy's laughing as he gets out, leaning against the car.

"Really, Munson? You're gonna walk back, huh?" Billy calls to his back.

"Fuck you, Hargrove!" Eddie shouts, spinning to face him.

"What was that?" Billy demands. He's not laughing any more. Eddie backs up a step but his chin's cocked defiantly until Billy starts walking toward him. Then he throws his hands up as if Billy's got a gun, backing away even as Billy advances until Billy's close enough to grab him by the shirt.

He yanks him in, fist twisting so tightly in the fabric the collar rips. He's close—too close, probably—but Billy's not about to let that shit slide. The sudden, insane urge to bite Eddie's lip nearly overwhelms him and Billy grabs his chin with his other hand, squeezing hard.

Eddie's breath is hot and quick on his palm, dark eyes wide and bright. Billy likes it more than he should.

"What was that, Munson? 'Fuck you, Hargrove'?" Billy asks softly.

Eddie shakes his head as best he can.

“No,” Billy agrees. “No, it was...’Thank you, Hargrove’, wasn’t it?” he asks, pretending to think. “For the ride?”

Eddie catches on gratifyingly quickly. He nods.

Billy leans in even closer, making sure Eddie meets his eyes. He shouldn’t push it but he knows he can so he can’t stop himself. It’s not some faggy thing, it’s just curiosity, wondering what Munson will do if Billy tells him.

“Say it, then.”

Eddie swallows, hard; Billy feels his jaw pulse with it. His cock twitches and he knows he should stop, it’s thin fucking ice, but he gives Eddie’s head a tiny little shake to prompt him.

“Thank you, Hargrove,” Eddie grits out, his lips brushing Billy’s thumb.

Billy’s rock hard in an instant and shoves him away.

Eddie reaches up to massage his jaw, stretching it out, and Billy has to look away. “Get back in the car unless you wanna walk five fucking miles,” he mutters, leaving him there in the road and making his way back to the Camaro.

Eddie stays where he is for a few seconds before following and getting in.

Neither of them say a word the rest of the way and, when they get to the trailer park, Billy doesn’t get out; he’s hard as nails and isn’t risking Munson seeing that shit.

“I thought you wanted weed?” Eddie asks, leaning down to peer back in the window when Billy doesn’t move.

“I do,” Billy lies. “Best go get me some, I’m not going back in that shithole trailer of yours.”

Eddie sighs, put-upon, and wisely steps out of arm’s reach before Billy can grab him. The second his back’s turned, Billy eases his hand into the front of his jeans. It’s risky, so fucking risky, but that only makes him harder.

It’s ‘Thank you, Hargrove’ that’s playing through his head as he squeezes his cock, no matter how much he tries to force his mind to just imagine a mouth and a tongue and someone moaning on his dick. It doesn’t matter; it’s not like he’s thinking about *touching* Munson, he’d get off on anyone thanking him while he grabbed their jaw like that. It’s hot.

Billy’s head rolls back against his headrest as he keeps an eye on the windows of Eddie’s trailer; there are lights in two of them, and Eddie’s silhouette is moving about in the one on the right. He doesn’t look like he’s managed to dig his stash out yet so Billy has some time.

He doesn’t need it; he blows his load almost immediately, long before the door’s even opened back up.

Billy wipes his hand off on his jeans and he’s halfway through a new cigarette by the time Eddie rematerialises. He’s shrugged out of his denim jacket, approaching Billy’s car in just his undershirt, sleeves rolled up.

“Ounce okay?” he asks, leaning down to speak to Billy through the window. There are red marks on his cheeks from Billy’s fingers and Billy doesn’t reply for a second, forcing his mind to engage.

“Yeah, whatever,” he says distractedly. His cock’s already interested again, for fuck sake. He hands over the cash and plucks the baggie from Eddie’s hand, tossing it onto his passenger seat before he gets the fuck out of there so he can go home and take a cold, cold shower.

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The marks on Eddie’s face are bruises on Monday. Billy’s mouth goes dry when he sees them, three little finger-pads stamped around his chin in pale purple.

They suit him even more than the eyeliner does. Billy wishes he’d grabbed him harder, maybe dug his nails in.

Eddie’s his usual self during lunch, sitting with his little crew of nerds, their heads bent together over giant books filled with pictures of monsters. He’s somehow a completely different person to the boy who’d stood on the tables at The Hideout, but also exactly the same. His voice carries through the cafeteria when he gets excited, loud and dramatic, and Billy’s watching him from the corner of his eye so he sees the slushie that gets thrown.

It’s not a big deal; that shit happens every day. It just happens that today it’s a perfect shot; it sails through the air and crashes through the group, drenching Eddie, one of his friends, and the books they’d been looking at.

Eddie’s on his feet at once, turning to find the culprit, which isn’t hard given the amount of laughter coming from where the basketball team is sitting. “What the fuck, dude?” he demands.

“Aww, come on, Freak,” one of them calls back. “You’re looking a little cooler now, at least.”

“Blue’s your color, Munson!”

Someone snorts. “*Pink’s* his color.” It’s quiet but the cafeteria has gone nearly silent so it’s not hard to hear.

“Oh, ha ha!” Eddie says loudly, rounding on the lot of them. “How *original*! Gotta be a popular kid so you’ve just *got to* pick on anyone who’s different, right?” He gets closer, shaking his hair wildly so little drops of blue raspberry slushie go flying over their table, which has them all crying out in disgust. “Does it make you feel *big*, Hanford?” Eddie asks, scooping some of it off his shirt and flinging it at the biggest of the jocks. “Make you feel better about having a tiny dick and a tinier brain?”

He turns away from the basketball team to address the cafeteria at large. “Every single one of you is just a redundant product of an outdated social hierarchy that worships so-called sporting *prowess* and celebrates *mediocrity*,” he flings his hand out to gesture at the jocks, “as long as it’s a big enough asshole!”

Most people are just yelling at Eddie to shut up but Hanford has taken issue with what Eddie’s saying, even though Billy’s positive he doesn’t understand half the words he used. Hanford gets up from his bench while Eddie’s back is turned and Billy’s across the cafeteria before he’s actually thought about it.

“Hey there, Brad,” he says, shoving his chest into Hanford and forcing him back a step before he can get to Eddie. “You looking for a fight?”



“Leave off, Hargrove,” Brad grits out. “It’s *him* I have a problem with.”

“Him?” Billy repeats, barely casting a glance behind him, where Eddie’s staring at him in surprise. “Nancy boy like that ain’t gonna give you a fight, Brad. Come on,” he wheedles, leaning in, baring his teeth. “You want a fight, let’s fight.”

Brad stares at him for a few seconds, debating, before he makes the wise choice and steps back. “Whatever,” he mutters, turning away. “Just keep your mouth shut in future, Freak,” he adds around Billy’s shoulder before he slopes away, flipping Eddie off as he goes.

Eddie ignores him, still staring at Billy, who glares at him.

“What’re you looking at Munson?” he snaps. Everyone’s watching them now, curiosity more piqued than ever since Billy got involved, and he gives Eddie a good, hard shove so nobody gets any wrong ideas.

Eddie nearly goes flying, sneakers slipping in the slushie dripping off him, but he manages to stay upright. He’s flushed with anger and embarrassment, but the shadows from Billy’s fingers are still there on his jaw. “I was *gonna* say thanks,” he says, scowling at Billy.

“Don’t bother,” Billy tells him. He walks past, banging his shoulder into Eddie’s. “I didn’t do it for you.”

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But he did, is the thing. Billy hadn’t *thought* before wading in but he knows that much at least; he’d have let anyone else get punched in the face and he’d have enjoyed the show. And it’s true that he likes a fight, he’ll happily get involved if there’s one going, but that’s not why he’d stopped Hanford. It frustrates him; what does he care if some fairy gets a beat down in the cafeteria? Eddie brings it on himself, mouthing off the way he does.

Billy *doesn’t* care. In fact there’s a large part of him that *wants* to see Munson get beat down, wants to shove his gay ass to the ground and...and...

That’s where it gets all stirred up in his head. ‘Cause he can imagine it, imagine pinning him—wouldn’t be hard—slamming his shoulders into the floor, seeing the shock on his face, the nerves, but there’d be a glint in his eyes, wouldn’t there? Munson’d probably like nothing more than for Billy to slam him into the ground. He’d probably get off on it. And if Billy pinned him and Munson was gagging for it the way Billy just *knows* he would be, what would he do? *Anything*. Anything Billy said, anything he wanted. And it’d be a waste of an opportunity to just punch him, wouldn’t it?

Billy’s a sexual being, he has needs. What’s the difference between, say, Teresa’s mouth and Munson’s mouth? They’re the fucking same, at the end of the day. It’s what’s under the clothes that’s different and Billy has *no* interest in that, no fucking way, so it’s not like it’s a *gay* thing.

Billy nods to himself, then nearly chokes as the cigarette that’s been hanging from his lips burns right down to the filter. He spits it out, dumping his barbell back on the bench with a thump that vibrates the floorboards beneath his feet. He stamps on the dog end, thumbing at his burned lip.

Fucking *Munson*.

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A week later, Neil's lost out on a promotion at work and his ball team divebombs their way out of their last chance at getting to the World Series. He's in a foul mood that Billy skirts around, keeping out of his way and out of the house as his temper frays more and more each day. Billy's not stupid; he knows there's no way of avoiding the fall-out forever, but he's not a glutton for punishment, either.

His luck runs out on Thursday night when Max pisses him off and he snaps at her and his dad overhears.

His skull clocks the shelf behind him with a dull thunk and it's all Billy can do not to raise his hands, to just let it fucking happen, to dutifully make his apologies to Max and to Neil and to Susan. His head's throbbing but it's not too bad; nothing visible. Neil had slapped him flat on the cheek but the redness will go down quick enough, the sting from *that* went straight to his pride. A fucking *slap*. And he calls Billy a fucking pansy.

No, today it's not the physical shit that gets to Billy. It's when his deadbeat dad is walking out of his room that the shit hits the fan, because Neil stops suddenly, reignited even after smacking Billy around. And this time, his hand lands on the stereo.

"Whoa, Dad—!" Billy begins, but he loses his nerve partway through, and it's pointless anyway. The moment he reacted, the stereo was a fucking goner.

"This *shit*," Neil says loudly, wrenching the plug from the wall with enough force to dislodge the outlet, "is starting to *piss me off*. It's *inconsiderate*, Billy, and it's time you learned to show some *respect* for the other people living under *my roof* who don't want to listen to your fucking shit."

The stereo goes flying, landing on the floor with a crunch and Billy clamps his mouth shut around his gasp of fury and upset. That was *his* stereo that he bought with his own fucking money and they aren't fucking *cheap*.

"If I hear it through the wall again," Neil warns, giving it a kick for good measure, "it's going in the trash."

He storms out after that, slamming Billy's door behind him, and Billy immediately drops to his knees to check the damage.

Yeah, it's fucked.

"*Fuck!*" Billy explodes to himself, as quietly as he can. His nails bite into his palms, jaw straining as he clenches his teeth, hard enough to make his ears pop. Every time it feels like it will be impossible to contain his rage but, usually, he can claw enough control back to stop him from doing something stupid. Like taking the stereo and beating his father to fucking death with it.

God, he could. He fucking could.

He rounds his shoulders, tense all over, breathing harshly. Somehow this has lit a hotter fuse than any punch or slap ever has. He thinks he might *puke* with it; there's something physical inside him, *screaming*, and Billy knows he needs to get out of that house before he does something he regrets.

He uses the window, dropping down into Susan's flower bed and trampling every growing shoot in there as he heads to his car, revving furiously before he screeches out onto the road and takes off.

Billy's only actually thinking of weed when he thrashes his car across town to the trailer park. It's only as he gets out and slams his door, sees the lights on in Eddie's trailer, that he realizes he could take his temper out on someone if he wanted.

"MUNSON!" he bellows, hammering on the thin door so hard the entire trailer shakes. With other people it wouldn't be the best approach; most wouldn't open the door to someone violently banging on it, furiously yelling their name, but Billy knows Eddie wouldn't dare ignore him. He almost wishes he *would* so Billy had an excuse to knock a window in with his elbow, clamber through and grab Eddie, demand to know why, but the door opens after just a few seconds.

"What, dude?" Eddie asks, bewildered. He flinches, just slightly, at Billy's still-raised fist. Neither of them move.

Billy's breathing hard, still. His heart hasn't stopped quick-kicking since Neil first walked into his bedroom and it's getting faster now, staring Munson down. He wants a fight. He *needs* a fight. Eddie won't put up much of one but Billy doesn't give a fuck as long as he gets to see some bruises.

"The fucking dope you sold me," he snaps, shoving past Eddie and striding into the trailer. "Do you think I'm stupid, Munson?"

Billy rounds on Eddie, crowds in close to him before Eddie can slip away and put anything between them, staring him down.

Eddie's fucking doe eyes are wide, startled, brown as wet sand, as he stares back. "What? No. Why would I—"

"The *dope*, Munson," Billy growls out. There was nothing wrong with the dope. It was good shit, actually, but it doesn't matter; all Billy needs is an excuse. "You really think you can screw me over?"

Eddie shakes his head almost violently. "*I didn't*, I swear! I don't know what was wrong with—"

Billy cuts him off with a loud, humorless laugh. "You don't know?" he repeats quietly. "You're going to look me in the eye, Munson, and pretend you don't know what you sold me?"

"Hargrove, I swear—"

"Shut up," Billy hisses, grabbing the front of Eddie's shirt and shoving him back the last couple of inches, until his back hits the wall of the trailer. The impact makes a baseball cap fall from a hook above them and it bounces off Billy's shoulder, disappearing under the table. Billy doesn't look away from Eddie for a second. "Just shut up," he says, more quietly.

He's breathing so hard Munson must be able to feel it on his mouth and, when Billy glances down at it, Munson's tongue peeks out for half a second to wet his lip.

The glimpse of it, insanely, gets Billy hard. He fights to ignore it and takes one hand from Munson's shoulder to settle it over his clavicle instead, creeping upward to push gently into his throat.

Munson still doesn't try to fight him off. Not even when Billy uses his other hand to slap him.

Not hard, but enough that it makes a *smack!* in the cramped little trailer and Eddie's cheek instantly blazes red.

Billy forces himself to take a step back; he's still hard in his jeans. Even harder than he had been, in fact.

Eddie, despite being released, doesn't move. He doesn't look scared any more. Billy would be pissed but he's more concerned with how he's going to beat the shit out of Munson without him realizing Billy's got a hard-on.

"You'd better get me some shit to replace it," Billy tells him. His voice comes out strangely hoarse. "Right the fuck now."

Eddie swallows. Billy thinks there must be something wrong with him because that makes his cock twitch, too, and he can feel precome starting to dampen his briefs.

Thankfully Eddie slides away from Billy, stumbling a little as he nods and disappears into the other half of the trailer.

For a few seconds, Billy pushes his palm against his dick, trying to see if he could force it down or at least give himself enough pressure to calm it down for a while, but it's not happening. He's rock hard. He's thinking about Munson's tongue and it makes him harder. And he's thinking about how mouths are just mouths and tongues are all tongues and he's following Eddie to his bedroom.

The door's open. Billy's never seen his room before and gives it a cursory glance but his gaze returns to Eddie almost immediately because Eddie isn't getting his weed out. He's sat on the edge of his bed with his palm pressed into his crotch, head tipped back, eyes closed, muttering to himself.

"Take 'em off, Munson," Billy hears himself say. He doesn't even...he doesn't want to *see* Eddie, he doesn't think, but just saying that has him leaking even more, and the way Eddie startles and jumps up, flustered, makes his legs go fuzzy for a second.

"Wh...*what?*"

"You heard me," Billy drawls. He takes another step into the room and shuts the door behind him. It's tiny and cramped but there's enough space for this; Billy's close enough to crowd Eddie again, rock hard and leaking and he doesn't think he wants to punch him any more. "Take. Them. Off."

"Uh...I don't..."

"Munson," Billy says, falsely-amicably. "Let me put it this way." He pulls his cigarettes from a pocket, slides one out and sticks it between his lips. "Either you take your pants off, right the fuck now," he lights the cigarette, inhales and breathes out, "or I'm going to do it for you and beat your ass."

Eddie stares at him for a moment longer. "Are you...serious?"

Billy flicks ash away. "Deadly."

Eddie's eyelashes flutter as he blinks rapidly, confused, and then his hands go to his fly, popping the button. He watches Billy carefully, waiting for some cue that this is a joke or a trap, to tell him to stop. But Billy doesn't. He knows he should; in a second Eddie's going to be stood there with his cock out and Billy doesn't think there's any coming back from that but he's not stopping it. He

wants to see. But more than that, he wants Eddie to do as he's told, just because Billy told him to.

"Those too," he says, nodding his head at Eddie's underwear as he slides his jeans down his thighs.

Eddie doesn't even question it this time, just sucks in a deep breath and does it, hooks his thumbs into the waistband and pushes them down.

It ought to be weird, seeing another guy's cock while it's hard like that, but Billy's too focused on how hard his own dick is to worry about it just then.

"Huh," he says, making a point of eyeing him up. "You hard 'cause of *me*, Munson?"

Eddie swallows again and looks away but Billy isn't about to let *that* happen. He gets even closer, about as close as he *can* get without Eddie's cock pushing into the front of his jeans (and the thought flashes through Billy's head with a surge of heat: pushing Eddie down and grinding on his naked cock with his jeans on, rubbing against him until Eddie's red and sore and Billy's done). "I asked you a question, Munson. You get hard for me?"

"Yeah," Eddie breathes out, face burning.

Billy nods, satisfied, and steps back. He takes another long drag of his cigarette while Eddie just stands there, waiting. Billy likes it. "Come here," he says, even though they're barely more than an arm's length apart as it is.

But Eddie does as he's told and draws nearer, until Billy grabs his hand and presses it into the front of his jeans. "Feel that?" he murmurs, directly into Eddie's ear.

Eddie's fingers jump around him, squeezing just a bit, and it's all Billy can do not to let out an embarrassing fucking moan. Eddie nods.

"Yeah," Billy says. "That's your fucking fault, Munson. So what're you gonna do about it?"

Eddie's breath comes out of him in a shudder and he pulls back enough to look at Billy.

"What, uh...what do you want me to do about it?"

Billy smirks; correct response. He sticks his cigarette in his mouth so he can pop his button, unzip his jeans. "You can start by sucking it," he says, then grabs Eddie before he can move. "No," Billy corrects suddenly. His heart skips, dick leaking like a fucking faucet as it occurs to him. "No, I want you to *ask* me if you can suck it."

"Oh shit," Eddie mutters, tipping his head down as he tries to collect himself. "That's hot, Hargrove. Fucking hell. Can I, uh..." He bites his lip, then fucking goes for it. "Can I suck you off?"

Billy actually has to grip the base of his cock so he won't come right fucking then, Jesus *Christ*, that made his head spin.

"Fuck," he mutters. "Down on your knees," he demands quickly. "And ask again."

Eddie drops like a stone, his knees thunking into the shitty carpet. "Can I suck you off?"

"Kiss it," Billy breathes. He feels like he's flying, then he feels Eddie's mouth on the tip of his cock and feels like his head's going to explode and he can't hold himself back for another second. He grabs Eddie by the back of the head, pulling him forward roughly, without warning, but Eddie's

ready, anticipating him, mouth open and waiting.

It goes down so smooth, smoother than any girl's ever taken him—deeper, too. Eddie gags for a second but he doesn't pull away, fucking *hell*, the way his throat goes tight around Billy's cock goes all the way to his toes.

Eddie grabs his hips to hold on and his nostrils flare as he breathes, holding Billy deep in his throat while his eyes stream.

“Well, fuck,” Billy gets out. He wishes his voice was steadier but Eddie doesn't look in any fit state to think anything of it. “You sucked a lot of dicks, Munson?”

The question's rhetorical; no way Eddie can speak right now even if he wants to. Besides, it's clear as fucking day that he's done this before, Billy fucking *knew it* but he'd never dreamed it'd be *this* fucking good from a guy.

Billy cups his palm under Eddie's chin so he can feel it as he thrusts into his mouth, easing his hips back and forth, biting down on a groan at the way his cock slides slick and wet over Eddie's lower lip before he pushes it back in.

He isn't going to last a fucking minute and Billy would be embarrassed but he couldn't care less about anything right then except for getting off.

He doesn't bother warning Eddie before he comes, shooting his load with nothing more than a plume of smoke on a sigh, but Eddie doesn't shriek and slap at him like chicks do if he tries that with them. He takes it like a fucking champ, groaning as it hits the back of his throat but sealing his mouth around Billy's cock as he pulls off, lips popping off the tip.

There's a string of come or saliva attached to his lip and it should turn Billy's stomach—it's *Eddie's* mouth—but it's really fucking hot. Then Eddie swipes his thumb over his lip to catch it and tuck it into his mouth and he stares right up at Billy, looks him dead in the eye, and fucking swallows.

Billy's knees nearly unhinge themselves and all of a sudden he feels displaced, like maybe Eddie has more power here than he'd thought because he isn't ashamed, even down on his knees with his cock hard and red between his legs and Billy's spunk on his tongue. And Billy doesn't get that.

He stares down at Eddie, smoking the last few drags of his cigarette as his thoughts swirl. Even with the proud jut of his chin and that defiant brightness in his eyes, Eddie's still kneeling, still waiting for Billy's cue, and Billy can roll with that. It's not going to be long before he's hard again and it seems like Eddie's still in the zone so, whatever. There's no point in thinking about any of it; it's just sex, it doesn't mean anything, and if Billy wants to get off over this nerdy metalhead guy he fucking can. See what Neil fucking thinks of *that*, thinks of Billy stood over Eddie with his cock out and still wet while Eddie waits for more, *wants* more. Neil can think what he likes; Billy's the one getting blowjobs so he's the real winner here.

Billy sticks his cigarette between his teeth and steps back, tucking himself away and jiggling up and down to work his zip back up. “Thought you were getting me weed?” he asks eventually, breathing smoke out with his words.

Eddie clambers to his feet, wiping the back of his hand over his mouth. “You still wanna smoke?”

His voice is rough from the head and Billy smirks to himself, sprawling across Eddie's shitty little bed.

“Yeah. A blowjob’s not gonna get me high, Munson,” he replies boredly.

Eddie shrugs and stoops to grab his jeans but Billy sticks his foot out, planting his boot on them.

“Leave ‘em,” he says. It’s kind of hot, having Eddie wandering around half-clothed in his own bedroom while Billy’s still in his jacket. Not in a gay way but just in a...Billy doesn’t fucking know, it’s just hot. He doesn’t care beyond that.

Eddie flushes bright red but he doesn’t protest, turning away to dig out the box he keeps his stash in. Billy watches him do it, half so he knows where to look in future and half because it really is fucking hot. Eddie’s shirt only comes down to his hips and his entire ass is on display and sure, his legs are a guy’s legs and he’s not tanned like the chicks back home, but his ass is...well. Billy’s an ass man, always has been, and Eddie’s isn’t bad. He wants to slap it, hard, and he’s pretty sure Eddie would let him and the thought’s getting him hard again already.

Billy stubs out his cigarette and slowly starts stroking himself over his jeans, giving over to it. He’s tempted to make Eddie get him something stronger from his stash but he doesn’t need to; he can do what the fuck he likes, he doesn’t need pills to let go or anything, he can do what he fucking likes.

“Here,” Eddie says, surfacing from the tiny closet-cupboard. He’s holding the box in front of himself and Billy’s cock jumps when he realizes Eddie must be embarrassed but he still hasn’t put any pants on *because of Billy*.

“Give it here,” Billy says, putting a hand out.

Eddie hesitates.

“Munson,” Billy warns.

He hands it over and Billy takes it, flipping it open and taking what he needs to roll a joint as if Eddie’s not standing there in nothing but a shirt.

He flicks open some papers and rips off a bit of the packaging to use as a crutch before he relents and jerks his head at the rest of the bed. “Sit down.”

Eddie does, shifting up the bed so there’s some space between them.

“What’s going on here, man?” he asks.

Billy ignores the question, since he doesn’t know; he’s just following whims at this point. The cock wants what it wants, right?

“You got any other tats?” he asks instead, eyes slanting to his right to look at Eddie. He knows for a fact Eddie does; he’s seen a glimpse beneath his collar when his shirt moves.

“Yeah,” Eddie says slowly, confused.

“Show me,” Billy tells him. He packs the joint and rolls it between his fingers, neat and practiced, sealing it carefully with the edge of his thumb.

Eddie shows him, tugging the material down past his collar-bone, and Billy sticks the joint between his lips and lights it before he turns to actually give Eddie his attention.

He can see a black design curling over Eddie’s skin, disappearing down his chest.

Billy looks him up and down, pointedly silent. “Show me properly.”

He can literally *see* Eddie do a double-take, his fingers going slack on his shirt.

“What do you mean?” Eddie asks nervously.

“The fuck do you think I mean, Munson? Take your fucking shirt off and show me properly.”

Eddie just stares at him for a few more seconds, uncomprehending. “Hargrove, you...since when do you...”

Billy turns suddenly on the bed, kneeling up so he’s looking down on Eddie as he faces him. “Stop fucking *thinking* so much, Munson,” he snaps. “You’re into it, right? So stop thinking.” Billy has; he can’t *let* himself think because if he did he doesn’t know what the fuck he’d do, but thankfully his dick is demanding too much attention for him to throw this all away right now. Something about the way Eddie looks at him, the way Eddie waits to be told what to do, the way he looks at Billy like he’d do the hottest fucking shit, has Billy more charged up than he can remember being in a long time.

And, if Billy’s honest, part of that is because Eddie’s a guy and he knows it’s fucked up to do this with him, all secret in the back of this trailer, and Neil would have a coronary if he knew, and he’d probably be run from this shitty backwater town if anyone saw them, and fuck it, that’s hot, too. Nobody can tell him what to do; here in this bedroom, just he and Eddie, they could do whatever the fuck they liked and nobody could ever stop them.

“Stop,” Billy says again, slowly, leaning over Eddie until he lies back, planting one hand by Eddie’s head to support himself as he stares down at him. “Thinking.” He plucks the joint from between his lips and plants it right between Eddie’s, holding it in place until Eddie closes his eyes and breathes in, visibly relaxing beneath Billy.

God, his cock’s hard as nails in his jeans.

“You gonna show me your tattoo?” Billy prompts once Eddie’s let his breath go. He doesn’t move from where he’s leaning into him, barely five inches between their chests.

Eddie swallows before he nods, wriggling out of his shirt with no small amount of difficulty given the lack of room Billy’s left him. His head knocks Billy’s chin and his elbow catches Billy’s arm, but Billy doesn’t move. He looks down at him and smirks once Eddie’s gotten his shirt off and tossed it aside.

“What do you think?” Eddie asks, tipping his head to look down at the tattoo on his chest.

“Couldn’t care less,” Billy says bluntly. It had never been about seeing the tattoo but about getting Eddie like *this*; completely naked, right under Billy, and his thought from earlier comes back to him in a flash. “You wanna get off, right, Munson?”

“Obviously,” Eddie breathes.

Billy nods. He’s gonna fucking go for it. He puts the joint in Eddie’s mouth again, lets him take a long drag before he takes it back. “Put your legs round me,” Billy directs.

Eddie gapes.

“Do it,” Billy snaps, giving his thigh a quick slap that has both of their cocks pulsing; he can feel his own twitch in his jeans and he can see Eddie leaking onto his thigh. It’s actually insanely



fucking hot to realize that Eddie's getting off on this, on being beneath him like this, on being told what to do, on having Billy slap his leg. It's heady as fuck, better than the weed.

Eddie moves, pulling his legs up and around one at a time until his calves are resting on the backs of Billy's.

"Around me," Billy growls. "Properly." He balances the joint on the edge of an ashtray so he doesn't set the both of them on fire, tangling one hand into Eddie's long hair and using the other one to hitch his leg up to his waist to show him what he means.

Eddie throws his head back with a gasp, following the directive and squeezing his thighs around Billy's hips and as soon as he does, Billy presses down onto him, grinding his crotch into Eddie's cock.

Eddie lets out a choked sort of sound, halfway between a cry and a moan, his mouth all the way open. Billy nearly, *nearly*, puts his tongue in it but holds himself back; he doesn't want Eddie thinking this is something it's not.

He just thrusts down against him instead, rocking their hips together, hard enough to get friction even through his jeans. Eddie just tips his head back and gasps because he's naked under Billy and his cock's right *there*, right against the denim, but he doesn't complain, he just moans for it, fingernails digging into Billy's shoulders through his jacket.

Billy can feel the outline of another man's cock against him but all it is is white-fucking-hot, Eddie shoving up against him to give as good as he's getting, grinding back as harsh as he can, muttering 'Fuck, fuck, fuck' over and over.

Even when Billy yanks on his hair, Eddie just moans and nods, breathing hard. "That's good," he says quickly, breathlessly. "I like that."

Chicks do, sometimes, but they're always so shy when they admit it, embarrassed, but not Eddie; his eyes are big and bright and he's staring right at Billy when he says it. Then he says, "You can go harder," and Billy loses his vision for half a second before he does, twisting his fist in Eddie's hair until Eddie yelps, hips stuttering against him.

"Hard enough?" Billy gasps. He feels like he's having a fight and a fuck all in one and it's bliss.

"Oh yeah," Eddie gasps. "Fuck, yeah."

"You like it rough?" Billy scrapes his hips as hard as he can manage. His thighs are aching but he'd rather be ruined in the morning than stop now. He gives him another slap to the thigh, just 'cause. "You like that?"

"God, yeah. I can take it, Hargrove," Eddie tells him, and the fucker has the audacity to *smirk* at Billy while he's like this under him.

*God*, Billy wants to stick something inside him. It's such an abrupt thought, hot and red through his entire body, but he knows he doesn't have long enough to actually fuck Eddie before he comes like this. He has fingers, though.

He switches hands so he's leaning into his left and sticks two fingers from his right into his mouth to wet them before, without stopping to think about it, he slides his hand down between Eddie's legs and starts pushing his middle finger up against him.

Eddie's back bows in a graceless arch as the tip of Billy's finger pushes inside him, and then he's

pushing back down against him, goading him, and Billy gives into it. He presses hard, until it's in up to the knuckle, and plants his left hand on Eddie's shoulder to hold him down and hold himself up.

"I have lube, you know," Eddie gasps. He's biting his lip, red-faced, panting. It's so hot, it's so fucking hot, Billy doesn't even care that he's a guy.

"Thought you could take it?"

"I can—*ugh!*" Eddie retorts, letting out a groan as Billy shoves his finger the rest of the way, relishing the give, the way it makes Eddie grunt and both of their cocks leak.

Having his hand between Eddie's thighs makes it harder to grind on him but Billy manages, angling himself so he can keep his finger shoved into him but he can still get friction on his cock.

"Does it hurt?" Billy demands lowly.

Eddie's squeezing around him, lips red from biting. "Yeah," he pants, "but it's so good."

"Fucking knew you'd be into this shit," Billy mutters. His knees are hurting and his wrist's twingeing with the bad angle but he doesn't give a fuck, he just keeps going, keeps pushing down into Eddie as roughly as he can while Eddie presses back into him just as frantically.

Billy wriggles his finger and he must catch Eddie in some kind of way because Eddie lets out an honest-to-God *cry* and tightens his legs around Billy's hips, panting desperately. He fumbles between them to get a hand on his cock and Billy wrenches his own hand out from between Eddie's legs to grab his wrist, yanking it up and grabbing the other one to pin both his hands above his head.

"Fuck no," Billy tells him, gripping his wrists hard enough to leave Eddie with the bruises he came here to leave. "I don't wanna see that shit." He kind of does, actually, but the idea scares him and Billy can't face that shit right now. Besides, with both of their hands out of the way Billy has a way better angle for his cock and leaves Eddie keening as he scrapes the denim against him over and over again. He keeps him pinned because it makes his head spin, the way Eddie's hands are tense but submissive in his grip, the way he's all exposed with his arms up.

"I'm gonna come anyway if you keep doing that," Eddie warns unsteadily.

"Slut," Billy says. He intends it to be insulting, expects to see anger flash over Eddie's face—*finally*—but Eddie throws his head back and moans through his teeth and comes all over Billy's shirt.

"Jesus fuck," Billy mutters, hips stuttering for half a second before he picks up the same pace as before. "You're into that? God, is there anything you *don't* like, Munson? I bet you'd let me stick my cock up your ass, wouldn't you?" he asks before he can help himself, the words spilling out in a rush of arousal. He has maybe half a second before he shoots his own load so he lets go of Eddie's wrists and hastily yanks his jeans down over the tip of his cock so he can come without getting it all over his pants.

He gets it all over Eddie instead, thick splashes of come landing on his chest and belly before Billy's done and they both just stay there for a few seconds, catching their breath.

"I would, you know," Eddie says after a while, still winded.

Billy smirks down at him. "Yeah," he says, leaning over to collect the joint from the ashtray. "I

bet you fucking would.”

He sticks what’s left of the spliff between his lips again and rolls off of Eddie, setting his boots down on the floor of the shitty trailer before he gets up and stretches.

Eddie stays where he is, naked and sprawled out, chest heaving. Billy finds he doesn’t mind. Especially as, when he looks back, he catches Eddie watching him admiringly, eyes roving up and down.

“This goes without saying,” Billy says, pointing at Eddie with the smoldering roach, “but if you tell *anyone* about this, I’ll kick your face in.”

Eddie actually laughs. “Who the fuck would believe me even if I *did*?”

Billy’s eyes go narrow and Eddie puts his hands up, rolling his eyes. “Chill, Hargrove,” he says. “I’m not gonna tell anyone.”

Billy eyes him for a few more seconds before he nods, satisfied. “Get me another ounce before I go,” he says, stubbing out the joint. “I’m out. Here.” He digs a twenty from his back pocket and holds it out.

Eddie groans but he rolls off the bed, taking the cash, sidling around Billy and grabbing his jeans. He pulls them on before he goes digging through his stash yet again. He tosses a baggie over to Billy, who turns to catch it and freezes when he spots *handcuffs* hanging up on Eddie’s wall.

“The fuck are these, Munson?” he asks, pocketing the weed and stepping across the room to rattle them. They’re not like police handcuffs, they’re like, fucking *porno* handcuffs with long chains so they can be tied to shit.

“Oh, uh, those are, uh...” Eddie stumbles, actually embarrassed for the first time, and Billy feels a savage glee as he turns to stare at him, a smirk spreading over his face.

“Edward Munson,” he drawls, letting out a low whistle. “Does your uncle know what fucked up shit you get up to while he’s gone?”

“They’re not, well...they’re just...he doesn’t...oh, fuck,” Eddie says, turning away and running his hands through his hair. “Can you just leave?”

Billy looks appraisingly around the room. “I will,” he agrees, “as soon as you tell me what you tie ‘em to.”

Eddie throws the barest glance over his shoulder at him, his face burning. “Me,” he gets out.

Billy rolls his eyes. “You *and*...?” he prompts.

Eddie groans. “The *bed*, alright? Under the pillows, there’s, like...a headboard thing.”

Billy immediately strides past him to take a look, yanking the pillow out of the way to expose the wooden headboard beneath. It’s nothing fancy, just a regular bed, but the headboard has slats and there are clear marks where the metal handcuffs have scratched into the wood and Billy’s cock stirs again. There’s no way he can come a third time that quickly but still. Good to know. He’s curious as fuck and more than a little tempted.

He drops the pillow back down in silence, then wordlessly shrugs out of his jacket so he can strip out of the t-shirt beneath. He tosses it at Eddie, who doesn’t move to catch it, just staring at Billy

in confusion.

“Get your fucking come out of that before it stains,” Billy tells him, pulling his jacket back on.

“You’re kidding, right?” Eddie frowns, scooping the shirt up and making a face.

“Do I look like I’m joking?” Billy asks, arching an eyebrow. “You make a mess, Munson, you clean it up.”

Eddie glances down at his stomach, where Billy’s come is still drying on his skin, and he looks back up.

Billy just stares at him, daring him to say something, but Eddie just huffs and tosses the shirt in his laundry hamper.

“Fine,” he agrees. “I’ll take it to the laundromat next time I go.”

“Actually,” Billy says, brushing past him on the way out, “it’s hand-wash only. And if there’s even the slightest rip in that thing when I get it back, it’s coming out of your ass.”

He turns at the door, eyeing Eddie meaningfully. It’s not an excuse or even a reason, it’s...it’s *bait*. Billy isn’t about to say it out loud, or even think it in so many words—that there might be a *next time*—but Eddie meets his eyes and nods and Billy’s pretty sure he gets it. He’s pretty sure they both know full well Billy’s going to find a tear in that shirt when he gets it back, whether Eddie put one there or not.

“Gotcha,” Eddie says, mouth curling just a tiny bit. “I’ll be *extra* careful.”

And Billy still wants to smack that smirk off his face so even though everything’s changed, it also kind of hasn’t.

“Yeah, you’d better,” Billy warns. He hops down from the trailer and heads for his car, barely turning to toss his next words over his shoulder, but Eddie’s watching from the door so he knows he hears. “Later, Eddie.”

*Eddie.* It slips out without him meaning to but Billy’ll blame it on the weed if Eddie asks, which of course he won’t, and if it’s goodwill from anything *other* than the weed, well. That’s no-one’s business but Billy’s own.

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